

“Well, we were hoping against hope, but the fear was so tremendous because we didn’t know the unknown, and we didn’t know what the next day would bring.”

In 1939, my husband had volunteered for the army, I was all alone with my beautiful daughter Josiane.

In 1940, when the Germans invaded Belgium, everything fell apart.

Jews, including myself, weren’t allowed take the children to clinics. We were banned from public places and had to give up our radios.

Soon we were told we had to work.

Immediately, Jews starting looking for places to hide their children. Thankfully there were nice people who would risk their lives to hid our children.

It was difficult.

Two women I hardly knew came to me to take my child.

They didn’t tell me where they were going, just “in case we would be arrested and beaten, we probably would give out the names of other people.”

My child was crying and yelling. She didn’t want to leave me.

Thank God, she survived.

I’ll never forget those kind ladies who helped me with my child.

Josiane will forever be remembered.